A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Tuesday, July 9. 1706.

I Have lately been obſerving the Connection of Circumſtances and of Times in the publick Occurrences of the War, and my Arguments from thence to prove the Agency of an inviſible Hand, I hope, are not diſagreeable to any, that think it worth their while to obſerve when Heaven points out to them its viſible Operation.

I cannot paſs in Silence another moſt remarkable Conjunction of Accidents, in the News we have now come in about the taking of *Oſtend*, *Viz.* That the *French* parted with that Town, on the very day that we were giving Thanks in *England* for the general Succeſs of the Campaign; nay, to deſcend from Days to Hours, if my Accounts are right, much about the time, the QUEEN was going triumphantly to St. *Paul*'s to the Thankſgiving, the *French* were marching diſarm'd out of that Town—and much about the Hour, that Dr. *Stanhope* was preaching the Thankſgiving to the Royal Auditory in the Cathedral of this City, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Monſieur *Auverquerque* were triumphing in the Town of *Oſtend*.

I remember, ſome Gentlemen on the other ſide here, had ſpread a Report; that on the very day of the Thankſgiving, the *French* would give us a Blow ſomewhere, ſhould mingle our Joy with ſome Allay—Indeed, they did not tell us where this ſomewhere was, nor could they give us any probable Gueſs at the Place; but this was calculated to buoy up their ſinking Hopes, and they cheriſh'd themſelves mightily with the Expectation; and very well pleas'd they were to

to hear it Thunder, and ſee it rain that day, when the QUEEN went home, and I was particularly accoſted that very Day with a Gentleman in this Sort of Language.

Here's a Pother indeed, ſays he, with your Thankſgiving, (this was in the Morning before the QUEEN ſet out) you had need rejoyce indeed? Why don't you go and ſave the Duke of *Savoy*, 'twere time enough to make Rejoycings and Days of Thankſgiving, when you have beat the *French* from *Turin*; they'll fetch you up there with a wet Sail, and then you'll mourn faſt enough—Damn this Foppery, I hate the Nonſence of it, I'll go home and read a Book to be out of the Noiſe——I deſire Mr. *Rehearſal* would not ask me who this was, for fear he ſhould appear one of his great Admirers, and one that calls himſelf a *High Church-man*.

When her Majeſty came home again, this Gentleman was ſo pleas'd at the wet Weather, that meeting him at night, I was thus careſs'd, *Well ſays he*, what *is your Show over*? Ay, Captain, *Quo I*, the QUEEN is juſt gone by *Charing-Croſs*——*Weeping Croſs you mean*, ſays he, *don't you*——The Heavens weep, *ſays he*, and wiſe Men laugh at all this Trumpery, mark the Iſſue of it, you'll all have cauſe to weep e're long, never fear it?

But our Dialogue did not end here—You are a mighty Obſerver of Days and Hours they ſay—Pray don't you remember an old Phanatical King-killing Rogue, a *Rye-Plot* Phanatick, that liv'd like a Rogue, and dy'd like a Coward; one *Corniſh* that was hang'd in the City—Yes, ſays I, Captain, I do remember an honeſt Citizen of *London* of that Name, butcher'd by the Barbarity of thoſe Times—Well ſays my Oracle of a Captain, and it rain'd hard, and thundred, and lightned that night, did it not—Yes ſaid I, ſo it did, in ſuch a manner as it never has done ſince. Well ſays he, and did not the Phanaticks tell us, that was a Token that God Almighty did not like the Work—— Why then ſhould you not think, he diſlikes what you are a doing now, when you had nothing but Storms and Showers of Rain all the way home again?

Now this Man had nick'd me in my own way, I confeſs, had the Heavens threatned in ſuch a terrible manner, as they did at the Execution of Mr. *Corniſh*, and Mr. *Gaunt*, for they both dy'd of a Day. But here was nothing uncommon, the Seaſon was ſhowery both before and after for above a Week, the Rain moderate and nothing extraordinary.

The Night of Mr. *Corniſh*'s Execution was terrible and unuſual, and which perhaps *England* has ſeldom ſeen the like; and which adds to the Remark, *and which I believe, few have noted but my ſelf*, that very Night Twelve-months, Heaven ſeem'd to remind us of that bloody time in the very ſame manner, being a Tempeſt almoſt as terrible as the former; and in which a great Fleet of Ships going to *New-Caſtle* periſh'd, and a great deal of Miſchief was done——

But that which makes the more comfortable Difference, is, that the occaſion of the matters differ ſo remarkably; one a barbarous Specimen of Tyranny and Conqueſt, the other praiſing God for viſible Bleſſings. Now the ſame things circumſtanc'd in different manner, make the Conſtruction different.

Thus Thunders, Lightnings, and Earthquakes to the Terror of the whole Congregation attended *Iſrael* at Mount *Sinai*, when the Iſſue was only exhibiting the Law of God—Thunder and Lightning, and Tempeſt another time, and Fire from Heaven deſtroy'd the People ſinning, when the Captains and Fifty's went to pull down the Prophet at the Command of the King.

Well, now the Riddle is expounded, the *Coup d' Eclat* the *French* was to give us, is come out, and all Iſſues in their increaſing our Conqueſt, juſt as this Signal of a Storm happen'd, and what's come of my Captain, I know not.

I made ſome Remarks alſo on the Eclipſe of the Sun, happening at the raiſing the Siege of *Barcelona*, which our natural Philoſophers laugh at; becauſe they are ſo fond of natural Cauſes, they will have no Coherence of Circumſtances ſignifie any thing.

But I cannot refrain telling thoſe Gentlemen, one former Obſervation of mine the other

other way; that the very Evening of the Day, the late King made his Triumphal Entry into *London* after the Peace at *Ryswick*, while the City was illuminated with Bonfires and Fire-works, the Moon was totally eclips'd; and it proving a very clear and calm Night, it appear'd so plain, that great Notice was taken—And his Majesty himself being told of it, pass'd a short Remark on it, which I care not to mention.

But this I observ'd then, and some living remember it still; that I told them, I fear'd the Joy of that Peace would suffer some Eclyise; and my other Remarks on that Subject are in Print, to which I refer.

I know, the Effects of natural Causes can portend nothing; but I cannot pretend to believe, but that Providence often directs the Times and Connections of those, otherwise natural Causes to concur in such a manner, as may point out to us his Meaning, and guide us to understand it—— and the most obstinate have been oblig'd to own their Belief of it, of which History is full of remarkable Instances, and there I leave it.

Mean Time this of *Ostend* is the more considerable, as it mocks the Vanity and boasts of those People, who blow up the Bladder of their Expectations with the Wind of vain and ungrounded Hopes; of which like the Hopes of the Hypocrite, they every day see, cause to be asham'd.

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. Review,

SIR,

SOmetime since you gave the World an Account in your Review, of a young Woman treated as a Lunatick.

You cannot Suppose but in a Case so publickly manag'd by her neareſt Relations, by the Advice of Friends and Physicians, and which hath already appear'd in a Court of Justice, there is Something to be said for their Justification, or else the other side can say little, why they are not further prosecuted than by your Review.

Therefore I being well acquainted with the Persons concern'd, and also with the whole Proceedings relating to the yong Woman, desire to know, whether if you have the Case fairly stated to you, as it realy is, you will do them as much Justice as yo think you have done her, and whether you will lay it impartially before the world without Respect to either Side; in which case I make no Question it shall appear that they have done nothing but what became them as her neareſt Relations and Friends. Pray give in your answer by the first.

London, *July* 1. 1706.

Yours, *R. D.*

I Cannot deny, but the Requeſt in this Letter is reasonable; and as there are always two sides of a Case, and they that will judge, ought to hear both; so as I have barely acted the Relator in the Case before us, and put it down in the very Dress, it was handed to the Press in, the Persons so handing it, vouching to the Truth of it; so I can by no means deny making a like impartial Relation of the other side—that the World may judge between both, and we may all see, whether this Devil be really as black, as he was painted.

Nor can the Gentlemen, from whom I had the firſt Relation, take this ill from me; because 'tis but reasonable, and a Debt due to Truth: And 2*dly*, Because I have always capitulated with the World; that if any thing offer'd me, shall be prov'd false in Fact, I would not stick to undeceive the World in it, to which all honeſt Men give their Consent.

If therefore these Gentlemen concern'd, please to give me their Account of the Fact, and in such clear and plain Truths as they will justifie and appear to; I shall not scruple to do them all the Justice I can, and should be very glad to clear them from the severe Charge, the said Letter lays up on them.

A D

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